

**SONG BOOK**  
**FEDERATION**  
**OF**  
**WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS**









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## FOREWORD

At the annual meeting of the delegates of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs in September, 1934 it was decided that a song book should be compiled which would be suitable for use by all the member clubs. To the Mazamas was delegated the work of selection and editing, and this committee was appointed by the Mazamas for that purpose.

The committee has collected the songs used by the different member clubs and has tried to include the best of them in this book. Obviously many of them contain references to the names of the club using them, or to specific localities which would make them inappropriate for use by others. The committee has taken liberties with some of these, and by slight changes has endeavored to render them sufficiently general in nature to be appropriate for any mountain-eering club. In some instances blanks have been left in lines so that each club using the songs can make its own adaptations suitable to its name or locality.

It would be difficult if not impossible to compile a selection of this kind which would be equally pleasing and acceptable to all. We all have our favorites. Some will be disappointed not to see theirs included, and will regret the space given others.

The committee has merely used its best judgment in selection, in the hope that in general the choice will prove as acceptable as possible under the circumstances.

In its more frivolous selections the committee has tried to distinguish between whimsical and vapid nonsense. Also it has felt that the subject of food has been overemphasized in campfire entertainment. Consequently practically all reference to that important but somewhat hackneyed subject has been omitted.

There are many old songs which are so well known that it was not deemed necessary to include the words. These have been listed under "Suggestions" in the last part of the book.

Acknowledgment is made to several clubs who are not members, for verses which have been included from their collections.

The Song Book Committee

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WE'RE HERE FOR FUN  
(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

We're here for fun right from the start  
Pray drop your dignity  
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,  
And show your loyalty.

May other outings be forgot,  
Let this one be the best.  
Join in the songs we sing tonight,  
Be happy with the rest.

COME, CUDDLE 'ROUND OUR CAMPFIRE  
(Tune: Ach du Lieber Augustinc)

Come, cuddle 'round our campfire  
Our campfire, our campfire;  
Come cuddle 'round our campfire  
And join in our song;  
Melody, harmony,  
Comedy, tragedy,  
Come, cuddle 'round our campfire  
And join in our song.

Mazamas

O CLIMB TO THE MOUNTAINS  
 Words by Edmond S. Meany,  
 late President of the Mountaineers  
 Music by Edgar E. Coursen,  
 late President of the Mazamas

O, climb to the mountains, ye sons of the west  
 Climb, climb, climb to the hills.  
 Rejoice at the labor, oh, sing with a zest  
 Climb, climb up to the hills.  
 Greet river and boulder as part of the play  
 Arise with the cliffs to caress the new day,  
 And shout in the dawning, ye-hoh, yea-hoh!  
 Ye-hoh! Ye-a-hoh! Al-le-ahoh! Ye-hoh!

O, climb to the mountains, ye sons of the west  
 Climb, climb, climb to the hills.  
 Oh, joyfully climb to the star-sprinkled crest.  
 Climb, climb up to the hills.  
 When pinnacles beckon with uplifted flags  
 Uncovered, salute ye, the old friendly crags;  
 And shout back their welcome, ye-hoh!  
 Ye-hoh! Ye-a-hoh! Al-le-ahoh! Ye-hoh!

#### WE ARE GATHERED BY OUR FIRE TONIGHT

Mazamas' Opening Song

(Tune: We are Gathering with the Lord Today)

We are gathered by our fire tonight;  
 We are gathered in the old-fashioned way.  
 We have all come together as in outings  
                                 long ago,  
 And are meeting just to talk and sing and play.  
 Won't you come? Won't you come?  
 Won't you join us while the logs are burning  
                                 bright?  
 You will find some happy people who are glad  
                                 to have you here,  
 As we gather by our fire tonight.

SING-A-LING-A-LING  
 (Tune: The Bells of Hell)

Oh, let your voice ring tina-a-ling-a-ling  
 We have the gang all here;  
 Let's see how we can sing-a-ling-a-ling  
 It gives us all good cheer.  
 Oh make the welkin ring-a-ling-a-ling  
 For those we hold most dear,  
 And help our voices bring-a-ling-a-ling  
 Our comrades far and near.

Oh Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ we sing-a-ling-a-ling  
 With all our hearts to you.  
 We hope there'll be something-a-ling-a-ling  
 That we can do for you.  
 In autumn, winter, spring-a-ling-a-ling  
 And all the whole year through  
 We'll ring-a-ling-a-ling and ting-a-ling-a-ling  
 And sing-a-ling-a-ling for you.  
 Olympians

LET US BUILD OUR CAMPFIRE  
 (Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart)

Let us build our campfire up among the hills,  
 Where a stream is trickling over rocks and rills  
 Help us gather fire wood as the evening chills,  
 Let us build a campfire up among the hills.

When the flames are crackling, bright with  
 red and gold,  
 Let us gather 'round them for the night  
 air's cold,  
 Let's forget our troubles singing songs of old,  
 In a frindly circle 'round the flames of gold.

And when we're tired and weary, to our beds  
we'll creep,  
Beds of spicy fir boughs in a fragrant heap  
Listening to the night sounds in the  
forest deep,  
An owl is softly hooting as we fall asleep.

Klahane Club

WHEN DAY IS DONE  
(Tune: Love's Old Sweet Song)

When day is done and stars are gleaming bright  
We 'neath the trees beside our campfire bright  
Weary, are resting, happy and content.  
Grateful hearts have we for a day well spent,  
High in the hills so close to friendly trees,  
List'ning to secrets that they whisper in  
the breeze.

Come and join our circle  
'Round the firelight glow,  
While the fragrant woodsmoke  
Curls and rises slow,  
Comrades here together  
Talking o'er our fun,  
Singing in the firelight  
When day is done.

Klahane Club

ROAMING O'ER THE MOUNTAINS  
(Tune: Roamin' in the Gloaming)

Roaming o'er the mountains  
In the sunshine and the rain;  
Roaming through the valleys,  
Through the woods and o'er the plain.  
When the skies are dull and gray,  
What's the difference - we feel gay;  
Oh! it's jolly roaming o'er the mountains.

YAWNING IN THE MORNING  
(Tune: Roamin' in the Gloaming)

Yawning in the morning when the rising  
time has come,  
Yawning in the morning when the day  
has just begun,  
When we are up and dressed and we think  
we look our best  
It's awful to be yawning in the morning.

Yawning in the morning when the Big Ben  
sounds its roar  
We've only had ten hours of sleep,  
And we could do with more,  
Now we wish we'd gone to bed  
when the sun was setting red,  
So we wouldn't all be yawning in the  
morning.

WHEN WE HAVE TURNED OUR EAR FROM FOREST CALL  
(Tune: Love's old Sweet Song)

When we have turned our ear from forest call,  
When on the mountains the distant curtains fall  
When we are weary with thought of coming strife.  
When we are facing dull routine called life,  
We will not falter 'tho the way seems drear,  
We will take courage in a memory dear.  
We will think at twilight of the campfire low  
Where the smouldering flashes gently dart and glow  
We will sing of comrades, valley, peak and glen  
And the friendly moonbeams will shine again  
Will shine clear again.

When the sands of life have almost ceased to flow  
When in our hearts we know that soon we'll go  
To that strange realm beyond the farthest star,  
Where deeds are counted at a Judgment Bar,  
We will not falter, 'tho the way seem drear,  
We will take courage from a memory dear.  
We will think of campfires of the long ago,  
Of the song of comrades in the flash and glow.  
Then our hearts will waken to the hope that afar  
Another moon so friendly will light the bar  
Will shine above the bar.

Mountaineers

MOUNTAIN VOICES  
(Tune: Old Black Joe)

Far, far away, their snowy peaks I see,  
Far, far away, their voices call to me,  
And in my soul the echoes surge and roll,  
I hear the mountain voices calling.  
softly to me

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming, and my heart is  
light and free,  
I hear the mountain voices calling  
softly to me.

Nearer I come to where the snowfields gleam,  
Higher I climb, my mate the singing stream;  
And as I rise close to the azure skies,  
My heart leaps high at voices calling,  
softly to me.

Now over crags, still up I press and on,  
Still step by step, where many dangers yawn;  
Where glistening slopes, like shining  
blessed hopes,  
Invite and lure, their voices calling,  
softly to me.

On till at last I stand on topmost tip!  
Then shall my song burst out from  
joyful lip;  
Then, kin with cloud, my soul with  
rapture bowed,  
I hush my heart to hear God calling,  
softly to me.

Mountaineers

THE HIKER'S TRAIL  
(Tune: Loch Lomond)

By blue mountain lakes and by cool water falls,  
The trail leads on for the hiker;  
O'er slopes of open pine woods,  
Thru deep cool forest shade,  
The trail leads us on to the mountains.

Chorus

Oh, sunshine or storm time, we'll choose  
the open trail,  
The trail that was made by a hiker,  
It lures us to the hill-top,  
It leads us o'er the plain,  
And on to the top of the mountain.

Thru blue fields of lupine, by paint brush  
so red,  
The trail leads on for the hiker;  
By aspens and nine-bark, thru  
Golden willow brake,  
The trail leads us on to the mountains.

Past harebells that tinkle in crisp mountain  
air,  
The trail leads on for the hiker;  
By snow fields and green slopes,  
And banks of heather bloom,  
The trail leads us on to the mountains.

## HOME ON THE RANGE

O give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

## Chorus:

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

The air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,  
And the breezes so balmy and light.  
I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night when the heavens are  
bright,  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood here amazed and asked as  
I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

MOUNTAIN TRAIL  
(Tune: Gypsy Trail)

Oh, hear the call to the open air  
As the wind goes singing over;  
Like the tossing wave to the sailor lad  
Is the trail to the mountain lover.  
There is adventure waiting there,  
And friendship staunch and true;  
The road lies free to the maountain trail,  
And comrade, it calls to you.

Out of the noise and dust of the town,  
Out of its frenzy today,  
Nature calls to the out-of-doors,  
Comrade, come away.  
Back to the road, again, again,  
Where worry and envy cease;  
Where healing is borne on the mountain  
breeze,  
And the hills and the sky bring peace.

Follow the trail in the summer days  
That leads to the mountain glade,  
Where lunch is spread by a sparkling stream,  
In the cool of a fir tree's shade.  
Follow the trail through the drifted snow,  
Where the great white silence broods;  
Where the snow-capped pines spread sheltering arm  
In the heart of the winter woods.

So come then to the open road,  
Dark be the skies or clear;  
A song rings out on the mountain trail  
'Tis the voice of a Mountaineer -  
And the path leads on to the misty line  
Where the sky and mountain meet  
Till we come to the end of the mountain  
trail  
And the world is all at our feet.

Spokane Mountaineers.

FOLLOW THE TRAIL  
(Tune: Swing Song)

Follow the trail to the open air  
Alone with the hills and sky,  
A pack on your back but never a care  
Letting the days slip by.

Healing fragrance of pine in the dark,  
Glow of a camper's fire.  
Starlight and shadow and music of waves  
While the gray smoke curls higher.

Follow the trail to the open air,  
Letting the days slip by.  
A smile on your lips and a song in  
your heart,  
One with the hills and sky.

Spokane Mountaineers

WAY UP YONDER IN THE SNOW FIELDS  
(Tunc: Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field)

Some folks say they are Mountaineers  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.  
And they ~~frisk~~ all around with calks in  
their heels  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

Chorus: Beautiful snow slopes  
Dear, shining, blessed sun  
Call to the Mountaineers  
Each and every one

Some folks say to stand on your feet  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.  
But when I tried it I took a seat  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

Some folks say to sit when you slide  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.  
But that's the worst I ever tried  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

So I got astride of my alpen stock  
Way up yonder in the snow fields  
And I pinwheeled around like the hands  
of a clock  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

It sure is fun however it goes  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.  
You slide on your feet or you slide on  
your nose  
Way up yonder in the snow fields.

Mountaineers

**THE MOUNTAIN OF LIFE**  
 (Tune: Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes)

When of the cares of life you are weary  
 And clouds seem to hide the light,  
 Close all the doors on strife and toil  
 And go to the mountain's height.  
 Gaze on its might and majesty -  
 The summit is your goal!  
 There you will find repose and rest  
 And peace will fill your soul.

Life is to us a mountain peak  
 With pinnacles to attain;  
 Set your feet firm in the path ahead  
 And climb with your might and main.  
 And when you reach the lofty peak  
 And see the shining sun,  
 Take then your well-deserved rest,  
 Rejoice that your task is done!

Mazamas

'ROUND OUR CAMPFIRE  
 (Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

'Round our campfire there we sat,  
 Ev'ry night we'd gather round  
 On the shores of Lake \_\_\_\_\_ far away,  
 The mosquitos gathered too,  
 All around our heads they flew  
 And they settled down among us there to stay.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, they'd keep us busy,  
 Scratch, scratch, scratch the whole night long,  
 Not a wink of sleep we'd got  
 Some of us were scratching yet.  
 When at rosy dawn we'd hear the breakfast gong.

## WHERE THE MORNING GLORIES GROW

I want to wake up in the morning  
Where the morning glories grow,  
When the sun coomes peepin' in  
To where I'm sleepin',  
And the song birds say "Hello".  
I want to wander in the wildwood  
Where the rippling waters flow,  
And go drifting back to childhood  
Where the morning glories grow.

## MAZAMA VERSION

I want to wander in the mountains  
Where the mountain breezes blow.  
'Mid the rocks and the heather  
In the fine summer weather,  
With my cares and griefs below;  
And though I come back to the city  
From the fields of ice and snow,  
My heart will still be up there  
Where the mountain breezes blow.

## SPOKANE MOUNTAINEERS VERSION

I want to wake up in the mountains,  
Where the mountain breezes blow;  
Smell the flap-jacks a-frying,  
And the sox a-drying,  
'Round the campfire's ruddy glow.  
I want to scramble up the rock-slide,  
Where the fuzzy marmots go,  
And to coast down from the top-side,  
On the drifts of summer snow.

I want to wake up in the morning  
Where the avalanche lilies blow;  
Where the sun comes a-peeping  
Into where I'm sleeping  
And the marmots say hello.

I want to climb up to the skyline,  
Where the winds play with the snow,  
And look down on mountain meadows,  
Where the avalanche lilies blow.

#### CLIMBING

(Tune: Sailing, Sailing)

Climbing, climbing, over the rock and snow  
With axe and pole and resolute soul  
To snow-clad peaks we go.  
Sliding, striding, just keep the rope  
held tight,  
Our work is done, our peak is won,  
We'll sleep in camp tonight.

#### SLEEPING

(Tune: Sailing, Sailing)

Sleeping, sleeping, isn't it simply grand?  
You lay your head on a balsam bed,  
And sleep to beat the band.  
Waking, waking, doesn't it make you ache?  
You're out of the door at the hour of four  
You eat before you wake.

Above two songs from  
Alpine Club of Canada

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

We are climbing up the mountain  
At the early flush of day,  
We can see the sun a-shining  
As he breaks the clouds away,  
We have left our weekly worries  
And today we're out for play  
As we go hiking on.

Chorus:  
Climbing, climbing, ever upward,  
Tramping, tramping, ever onward,  
Hiking, hiking, gaily hiking,  
As we go hiking on.

We can see the mountain glistening  
With the mist crown 'round his head,  
As we wind along the beauteous trails  
Where light-foot deer have sped,  
And we'll keep on gaily tramping  
Till the western sky is red  
As we go hiking on.

Not alone in strengthened muscles  
Do we know our effort pays,  
In the happy hearts we carry  
There's a blessing surely stays  
And good friendships we are making  
That will last us all our days,  
As we go hiking on.

Sierra Club

WE AIN'T A-GOIN' TO  
(Tune: It Ain't A-Goin' to Rain No More)

Oh, we ain't gonto hike no more, no more  
We won't hike one mile more,  
For nine may mean  
There are fourteen  
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to hike no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto eat no more, no more,  
We won't eat one bean more,  
For we're full to the neck  
And we feel like a wreck  
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to eat no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto sleep no more, no more,  
We won't sleep one wink more,  
For there's bumps in the bed  
And the skeeters ain't fed,  
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to sleep no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto climb no more, no more,  
We won't climb one rock more  
For our feet are bruised  
And we feel abused,  
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to climb no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto slide no more, no more,  
We won't take one slide more,  
For there's holes in our seat  
And we can't keep our feet  
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to slide no more.

Oh, we ain't gonto swim no more, no more,  
We won't swim one stroke more,  
For we've barked our knees  
And we're 'bout to freeze,  
Oh, we ain't a-goin' to swim no more

Oh, we ain't gonto sing no more, no more,  
We won't sing one note more;  
For we're out of breath,  
And we're tired to death,  
Oh we ain't a-goin' to sing no more.

WHEN YOU ARE CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN  
(Tune: Marching Through Georgia)

Rising up at one A. M.  
Is just considered fun,  
Hiking up a lower ridge  
To meet the rising sun.  
And when you think you're almost there  
The work has just begun  
When you are climbing a mountain.

Chorus:

Hi yak! hi yak! the wind blows merrily  
Hi yak! hi yak! that's not the top  
you see.  
You may zig zag right and left  
But upward it must be  
When you are climbing a mountain.

Grab your good old alpenstock  
We'll scale the upper slope.  
Now it's scramble up the rock  
So tie 'em to the rope  
Use your axe and hands and hobs  
And never give up hope  
When you are climbing a mountain.

Cascadians.

HAUL! HAUL! HAUL!  
(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

When I climb upon the rocks,  
I may suffer horrid shocks,  
As up gully, crag or chimney  
    I am led;  
Here I scramble and I tussle,  
Tho I haven't any muscle,  
And I'm sadly inefficient in  
    the head!

Chorus:

Haul! haul! haul! my feet are  
    slipping,  
And my handholds all are  
    loose and wet;  
You must hold me very tight.  
For my balance isn't right;  
I've eternity below me,  
    don't forget.

Even in my bed asleep  
As about the rocks I creep,  
With my nightclothes fairly  
    Whirling in the gale!  
With the rope around my neck  
And my nerves a perfect wreck,  
And loose boulders falling down  
    On me like hail!

Alpine Club of Canada

HIKE AWAY  
(Tune: Dixie)

We roll out of bed before the dawn  
Because that's our idea of fun,  
Hike away, hike away,  
Hike away to the top.

Chorus:

Away up to the summit, away, away,  
And as we hike with calks and pikes  
We grit our teeth and say,  
Hike away, hike away,  
Hike away up to the summit.

And when we come to the timber line  
As the sun comes up the view is fine  
Climb away, climb away,  
Climb away to the top.

Just as we nearly lose our hope  
We pull ourselves up by a rope,  
Pull away, pull away,  
Pull away to the top.

At last we stand on the summit dome  
So many weary miles from home  
Look away, look away,  
Look away, we're on top!

Cascadians

O, YE CLIMBERS  
(Tune: Clementine)

In the morning. O ye climbers  
Though the dawn be cold and grey,  
You must leave your beds of balsam  
And with ice-axe pick your way.

You must climb above the timber,  
Cross the fields of ice and snow  
Ere the avalanche be on you  
Or crevasses wider grow.

Though the shale be slipping,  
slipping,  
Though the rocks are flying fast.  
Though your brow with sweat be  
dripping,  
You will reach your goal at last.

Up the chimney, round the cornice  
Then a traverse on the ridge,  
Hold the rope taut! Here's a chasm.  
One by one you'll have to bridge.

Grip with knee, with toe and finger  
There's the peak with cairn in  
sight,  
When you've scaled it you may linger  
With a mountaineer's delight.

Alpine Club of Canada

BRING BACK MY BEAUTY  
(Tune: Bring Back My Bonny to Me)

My complexion lies up in the mountains,  
Ten thousand feet up from the sea,  
My complexion lies up in the mountains,  
Oh! bring back my beauty to me.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,  
Oh! bring back my beauty to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh! bring back my beauty to me.

I covered my face up with grease-paint  
I wore a big green cotton veil  
I put on some bright yellow goggles,  
But naught did my efforts avail.

I fear my own mother won't know me,  
My face is all swollen and black.  
Oh! won't some kind doctor please show me  
How to make my lost beauty come back.

Alpine Club of Canada

## NATURE

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

I sing the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad  
And built the lofty skies.  
I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command  
And all the stars obey.

Nature - a temple worthy thee -  
That beams with light and love;  
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below  
Whose stars rejoice above;  
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs  
That rise along the shore;  
Whose anthems, the sublime accord  
Of storm and ocean roar.

Her song of gratitude is sung  
By spring's awakening hours;  
Her summer offers at thy shrine  
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;  
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits  
In glorious luxury given;  
While winter's silver heights reflect  
Thy brightness back to heaven.

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain.  
America! America! God shed his  
grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness.  
America! America! God mend thine  
every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self control,  
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years,  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears.  
America! America! God shed his  
grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.

## IN THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,  
There's a land that's fair and bright  
Where the handouts grow on bushes  
And you sleep out ev'ry night  
Where the box cars all are empty  
Where the sun shines ev'ry day  
On the birds and the bees  
And the cigarette trees  
And the lemonade springs  
Where the blue bird sings,  
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,  
All the cops have wooden legs,  
The bull dogs all have rubber teeth  
And the hons lay soft boiled eggs,  
The farmer's trees are full of fruit  
And the barns are full of hay  
Oh, I'm bound to go,  
Where there ain't no snow  
Where they hung the Turk  
That invented work  
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the big Rock Candy Mountains,  
You never change your socks  
And the little streams of alcohol  
Come trickling down the rocks,  
Where the brakemen have to tip their hats  
And the railroad bulls are blind,  
There's the lake of stew,  
And a sky of blue,  
You can paddle all around  
In a big canoe  
In the big Rock Candy Mountains.

## I WISH I WAS A LITTLE ROCK

I wish I was a little rock  
A-sitting on the hill,  
A-doing nothing all day long  
Except to sit there still.  
I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat,  
I wouldn't even wash;  
I'd just sit there a thousand years  
And rest myself, by gosh!

I wish I was a robin's egg  
Away up in a tree,  
A-sitting in my little nest,  
As bad as bad can be!  
I wish a little boy would come  
And look at me with glee,  
And then I'd bust my little self  
And cover him with me!

I'VE GOT GRIME ON MY FINGERS  
(Tune: I've Got Rings on my Fingers)

Oh! I've got grime on my fingers,  
And tape on my toes,  
Snow banks to sleep upon,  
"Skeeters" on my nose.  
Oh! come to the mountains,  
Join the \_\_\_\_\_ Club  
Get sunburn, snowburn, blisters,  
Hard tack and canned grub!

Sicrra Club

THE MAN ON THE SLIPPERY SKIIS  
(Tune: The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Tho' it's that time of year, don't view  
with alarm,

This tale of a miss who possesses great charm;  
This story I tell can bring you no harm  
Unless you are skillful on skiis.

Now this girl was in love with a skier,  
And she very hard tried him to please,  
Her daring, good looking and masculine man,  
An expert on his long skis

Chorus:

He slides o'er the snow with the greatest  
of ease,  
The daring young man on the slippery skiis,  
He telemarks, stems and how he christies;  
And that is the man that she loves.

Each week to the Lodge she would go with  
great glee,  
With great expectations her skier to see;  
But she was filled with despair for it was  
always that she  
Would find that he'd gone away.  
He'd packed up his rucksack and slipped in  
the night  
In search of some more skiing thrills,  
Her skier so bold, o'er the snow white and  
cold;  
To Martin across the high hills.

The maid was distressed, but the fact still  
remained  
That without her dear skier, she couldn't  
happy remain  
So she bought her some skiis and she started  
to train  
So she could be going with him.  
And the next time the skier prepared for the  
trip,  
With all the rest of his bunch  
He put in his rucksack, though heavy it be,  
For the maiden an extra trail lunch.

With felicious intent, the maid would assist  
Her womanly wiles with a sly little kiss  
And now they are joined in sweet wedded bliss,  
For such is the way of all love.  
Now together they went out most every week;  
Taking the steepest hills straight;  
For only the man who skiis by her side  
Can make her heart palpitato.

Sometime after that I had reason to go  
Up where the skiers disport in the snow,  
And I was surprised to see the girl that I knew  
Without her beloved one in view.  
She was skiing far better than anyone else;  
She seemed to have magical skiis.  
The reason was clear, for since she has wed  
She can practise whenever she please.

She slides o'er the snow with the greatest  
of ease  
You'd think her a man on the slippery skiis,  
While hubby stays home and rocks the babies,  
And that's what's become of her love.

## I LIKE MOUNTAIN MUSIC

I like mountain music  
Good old mountain music  
Played by a real hill billy band  
Give me rural rhythm,  
Let me sway right with 'em;  
I think their melodies are grand.  
I've heard Hawaiians play  
From the land of the wicky-wacky;  
But I must say, that they can't beat  
the "Turkey in the straw" by cracky!  
I like mountain music  
Good old mountain music  
Played by a real hill-billy band.

## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine;  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear  
Not of itself but thee.

## SUSANNAH

Oh, I came from Alabama with my banjo  
on my knee,  
On my way to Louisiana, my true love  
for to see  
Oh it rained all night the day I left -  
the weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death -  
Susannah don't you cry.

## Chorus

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me,  
For I'm goin' to Louisiana, with  
my banjo on my knee

Oh, I had a dream the other night when  
everything was still,  
I thought I saw Susannah a-coming  
down the hill  
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth  
the tear was in her eye,  
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,  
Susannah, don't you cry."

I soon will be in New Orleans, and  
then I'll look around,  
And when I find Susannah, I'll fall  
upon the ground.  
But if I do not find her, dis darkey'll  
surely die  
And when I'm dead and buried, Susannah,  
don't you cry.

## O, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

O, my golden slippers am laid away,  
Kase I don't expect to wear 'em till my  
wedding day,  
And my long tail coat dat I loved so well  
I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.  
An' my long white robe dat I bought las' June,  
I'm gwine to get changed kase it fits too soon.  
An' de old gray horse that I use to drive  
I will hitch up to de chariot in de morn.

## Chorus:

O, dem golden slippers; O, dem golden  
slippers,  
Golden slippers I'm gwine to wear bekase  
dey look so neat.  
O, dem golden slippers; O, dem golden  
slippers.  
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear to  
walk de golden street.

So it's goodbye chillun, I will have to go  
Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow  
An' your ulster coat, why you will not need  
When you ride up in de chariot in de morn.  
But your golden slippers must be nice and clean  
An' your age must be just sweet sixteen,  
An' yer white kid gloves yer will need to wear  
When you ride up in de chariot in de morn.

## FLOW GENTLY SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy  
green braes:

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in  
thy praise;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds from  
the hill,

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon  
thorny dell,

Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming  
forbear,

I charge you, disturb not my slumbering  
fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely  
it glides,

And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems  
thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy  
green braes,

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of  
my lays;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
her dream.

## CLEMENTINE

In a cabin, in a canyon  
Excavating for a mine;  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner  
And his daughter Clementine.

## Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling  
Oh, my darling Clementine!  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Dredful sorry Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy  
And her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river  
Ev'ry morning just at nine;  
Stubbed her toe against a sliver,  
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;  
Alas for me! I was no swimmer.  
So I lost my Clementine

Then the miner, forty-niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter;  
Now he's with his Clementine.

In the churchyard, in the canyon,  
Where the myrtle buds entwine,  
Grow some rosies, pretty posies,  
Fertilized by Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her!  
How I missed my Clementine!  
Till I kissed her little sister  
And forgot my Clementine.

## SPRING TIME IN THE ROCKIES

The twilight shadows deepen into night, dear;  
The city lights are gleaming o'er the snow;  
I sit alone beside the cheery fire, dear,  
I'm dreaming dreams from out the long ago.  
I fancy it is springtime in the mountains -  
The flowers with their colors are aflame  
And every day I hear you softly saying,  
"I'll wait until the springtime comes again!"

## Chorus:

When it's springtime in the Rockies,  
I am coming back to you,  
Little sweetheart of the mountains,  
With your bonnie eyes of blue.  
Once again I'll say "I love you,"  
While the birds sing all the day;  
When it's springtime in the Rockies,  
In the Rockies, far away.

CALL OF THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS  
(Tune: Maine Stein Song)

Rise upon your weary feet,  
Hike down the trail once more -  
Stand and make a brave retreat,  
No matter if your legs are sore.

Then hike to all your favored haunts,  
Climb to the highest peak  
Hike with painful nonchalance,  
Go 'til your knee joints creak.

To the hills  
To the dales  
To the places that beckon and comfort you;  
With the youth  
With the fire  
With the life that is moving and calling  
you.  
With the gods  
With the fates  
With the lure and call of the great  
out-of-doors;  
With a will  
March on un-  
    Til the object of your hike is reached.

So up and down the shaded trail,  
Walk with a hearty swing;  
Stand and take your place, do not fail,  
Let every loyal hiker sing.  
Then on to all the happy hours,  
On to the careless days  
On to health through Nature's bowers  
With the memories that will last always.

Spokane Mountaineers

## THE LAST ROUND-UP

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up  
Gonna saddle old Paint for the last time  
and ride  
So long, old pal, it's time your tears  
were dried  
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up  
Git along, little \*do-gie, git along, git  
along git along, little dogie  
git along  
Git along, little dogie, git along, git  
along, git along.  
little dogie git along  
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up  
To the far away ranch of the Boss in the sky  
Where the strays are counted and branded,  
there go I  
I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up.

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up  
Ther'll be Buffalo Bill with his long  
snow white hair  
Ther'll be old Kit Carson and Custer  
waitin' ther  
A-ridin' in the Last Round-Up  
Git along, little dogie, git along, etc.

I'm headin' for the Last Round-Up  
Gonna saddle old Paint for the last time  
and ride  
So long, old pal, it's time your tears  
were dried,  
I'm headin' for the last Round-Up.

\*"dogie" "Pronounced dough-gie)

## ROUNDS

(Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat)

Drag, drag, drag your feet  
Up the mountain side;  
Merrily, merrily, merrily,  
Down the slope we glide.

Mountaineers.

Climb, climb, climb up high  
Every single day;  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
That's the climber's way.

Mazamas.

## FOLLOW ME

Follow, follow, follow, follow  
Follow, follow, follow me.

Whither should I follow, follow thee?  
Whither should I follow, follow thee?

To the mountain, to the mountain,  
To the mountain follow me.

## DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Day is dying in the west;  
 Heaven is touching earth with rest;  
 Wait and worship while the night  
 Sets her evening lamps alight  
 Thru all the sky.

## Chorus:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!  
 Heaven and earth are full of Thee,  
 Heaven and earth are praising Thee  
 O Lord most high!

When forever from our sight  
 Pass the stars. the day. the night,  
 Lord of angels, on our eyes  
 Let eternal morning rise.  
 And shadows end.

## ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide  
 The darkness deepens - Lord, with me abide!  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
 Change and decay in all around I see;  
 Oh Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine thru the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
 shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom  
    Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
    Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
    Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
    Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus Lover of my soul,  
    Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
    While the tempest still is nigh;  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
    Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
    O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
    Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave ah! leave me not alone,  
    Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
    All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
    With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
    Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
    Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
    Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart.  
    Rise to all eternity.

## MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior divine!  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me from this day  
    Be wholly Thine

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me.  
O may my love for Thee  
Pure. warm and changeless be,  
    A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread.  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day  
Wipe sorrow's tears away  
Nor let me ever stray  
    From Thee aside

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Savior, then in love  
Fear and distress remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
    A ransomed soul.

## NATURE HYMN

God who touchest earth with beauty  
    Make me lovely too;  
With Thy spirit recreate me,  
    Make my heart anew.

Like Thy springs and running waters,  
    Make me crystal pure;  
Like the rocks of towering grandeur  
    Make me strong and sure.

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight,  
    Make me glad and free;  
Like the straightness of the  
        pine tree  
Let me upright be.

God who touchest earth with beauty  
    Make me lovely too;  
Keep me ever by Thy spirit  
    Pure and strong and true.

## BRAHMS' LULLABY

Hush-a-by and good night;  
In the sky stars are bright  
While roses in bloom  
Fill with fragrance the room.  
With the morn, if God will  
You will waken again;  
With the morn if God will  
You will waken again.

Hush-a-by, have no fear;  
Little angels are near.  
Their watch they will keep  
While my baby's asleep.  
Dream the dark night away  
Till God's sun brings the day;  
Dream the dark night away  
Till God's sun brings the day.

## GOOD NIGHT COMRADE

(Tune: Good Night Sweetheart)

Good night, comrade, now our fire is dying  
Good night, comrade, night winds now are sighing  
Hope our fireside has brightened your way  
Made life more gay for the new day,  
So we'll say good night, comrade,  
Go out in the starlight,  
Good night, comrade, as you leave our firelight  
May its embers make a pleasant mom'ry  
Good night, comrade, good night.

Klahane Club

## PERFECT DAY

When we come to the end of a perfect day  
     And meet by the open fire,  
 Then our thoughts go back to the winding way,  
     That was ever climbing higher.  
 To the cliffs of rock and the slopes of snow,  
     And the fields of rippling flowers,  
 Then, whatever the world may bring, we know  
     One perfect day is ours.

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,  
     The winds of the night rise chill,  
 The light of the camp fire dies away,  
     And the voice of the camp grows still,  
 But ere we turn to our several ways,  
     We breathe from our hearts a prayer,  
 Life grant us many, many a day,  
     So perfect, bright, and fair.

Washington Alpine Club

## AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
     And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
     And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear  
     For auld lang syne;  
     We'll tak' a cup o'kindness yet  
     For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',  
     And gie's a hand o' thine;  
     We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
     For auld lang syne.

OUR CAMP IS OVER  
(Tune: There's a Tavern in the Town)

Our camp is over, to the town, to the town,  
We must away and settle down, settle down,  
And bid farewell to mountains and to sea  
And life out of doors so gay and free.

Chorus:

Fare thee well for I must leave thee  
Do not let this parting grieve thee  
But remember that the best of friends must part  
Adieu, adieu kind friends adieu  
I can no longer stay with you  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree  
And may the world go well with thee.

We've roamed mid flowers and bonnie heather  
We've tramped o'er glaciers roped together  
And now where e'er our future trail may guide  
May joyful memories abide.

And if the snow turned soft or crusty  
We gained the peaks with shouts so lusty  
That echoing notes will long our memories fill  
To cheer our way o'er plain and hill.

We'll ne'er forget our happy climbs  
The camp fires where we sang our rhymes  
May the days speed well till they bring that  
jolly day  
When we meet for another holiday.

B. C. Mountaineers

GOOD NIGHT  
(Tune: The Soldier's Farewell)

The stars above are peeping,  
The hour has come for sleeping  
From Earth, our tender Mother  
New stores of strength to gather;  
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine;  
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

On lonely peaks, snow-crested,  
The sun's last rays have rested,  
And now he seeks his pillow  
Beneath the western billow;  
Come seek thy couch of spruce and pine  
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

Hark to Night's voices calling,  
In murmurs soft entralling;  
The West Wind, lowly sighing,  
The rippling stream replying;  
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine,  
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

Darkness is o'er us creeping,  
The Camp will soon be sleeping,  
In Dreamland's wondrous weaving  
New fairie heights achieving;  
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine,  
Good-night, good-night, sweet sleep be thine.

Alpine Club of Canada

ALPEN GLOW  
 (Tune: Evaline)  
 Slowly

Oh! Alpen glow on glist'ning snow  
 Herald of the dying sun,  
 Lighting up the lofty mountain peak  
 As the day is done;  
 Slowly, one by one, the twinkling stars  
 appear  
 And the ghostly mists of night draw near;  
 Daylight folds its wings and goes to rest  
 'Neath the rugged mountain's crest.

Mazamas

BEAUTEOUS NIGHT  
 (Tune: Silent Night)

Beauteous night, radiant night  
 Stars that gleam, murm'ring stream  
 Cleanse from tho't of self my soul  
 Far removed the worldly goal,  
 Mountains watch will keep  
 O'er my peaceful sleep.

Mazamas

TAPS

Fading light dims the sight  
 And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright;  
 From afar, drawing nigh,  
 Falls the night.

Day is done, gone the sun  
 From the lake, from the hill, from the sky;  
 All is well, safely rest  
 God is nigh.

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

While the embers bright are gleaming;  
    All through the night;  
While the weary camp is sleeping  
    All through the night.  
Through the trees the moonlight stealing,  
    Beauties of the night revealing  
High above the stars are keeping  
    Watch through the night.

Fondly then we dream of mountains,  
    All through the night,  
Waking hear the rush of fountains,  
    All through the night.  
So when day's hard toil is over  
    Will the Mountain Spirit hover  
Over every Alpine rover,  
    All through the night.

Alpine Club of Canada

## SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

The following songs are listed as additional suggestions:

Aloha  
Anchors Aweigh  
Annie Laurie  
Battle Hymn of the Republic  
Believe Me, If All Those  
    Endearing Young Charms  
Bubbles  
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny  
Darling Nelly Gray  
Down by the Old Mill Stream  
Dummy Dummy Line  
In the Gloaming  
Jingle Bells  
Juanita  
Just Like a Gypsy  
Let Me Call you Sweetheart  
Let the Rest of the World Go By  
Loch Lomond  
Love's Old Sweet Song  
Memories  
Moonlight Bay  
My Wild Irish Rose  
Oh, In the Moonlight  
Old MacDonald  
Peggy O'Neill  
Perfect Day  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle  
Prairie Flower  
Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet  
Reuben, Reuben

Row, Row, Row  
School Days  
Scotland's Burning  
Show Me the Way to Go Home  
Sidewalks of New York  
Smiles  
Spanish Cavalier  
Stars of the Summer Night  
Sweet Adeline  
Sweet and Low  
Three Blind Mice  
Till We Meet Again  
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling  
When You and I Were Young Maggie





